

# HOME SECTION SOUTHERN TEXTILE BULLETIN

Edited by "Becky Ann" (Mrs. Ethel Thomas)

CHARLOTTE, N. C., SEPTEMBER 22, 1927.

## *News of the Mill Villages*

### KERSHAW, S. C.

#### **Cotton Mill Men Go On Fishing Trip.**

(Too late for last week)

Messrs B. C. Baker and T. E. Lattimore, motored to Charlotte Saturday afternoon, on business.

Mr. E. L. Skipper, our former superintendent, but now general manager of Fort Mill Manufacturing Company, accompanied by his family, visited Kershaw Sunday, and were riding in a brand new Buick.

Mr. and Mrs. Sam Robinson and Vernell Lowery, spent the week-end at Myrtle Beach.

Messrs. M. A. Crolley, Sid Catoe, Lonnie Phillips and E. W. Cox, went on a fishing trip Saturday. Mr. Crolley was able to be on the job Monday morning, but the other boys must have eaten too much fish—or maybe they overslept.

Mr. C. S. Smith, one of our old hand boys, is helping the band to go ahead with their good work.

A READER.

### LAUREL HILL, N. C.

#### **Our Waxhaw Correspondent Moves To Springfield Mill. But is Still Loyal to the Home Section.**

Dear Aunt Becky:

We've moved from Waxhaw to Springfield Mill, Laurel Hill, but feel sure that you will want the news from here. I appointed a correspondent in Waxhaw, who promised to send the news from there, and I hope she will, for I am still deeply interested in that place, where I had such good overseers and so many friends.

We found no fault with the mills at Waxhaw—just wanted to come back home. I regretted very much to leave my wonderfully good Sunday school teacher, Miss Rodman, but hope to have a good one here.

There are 75 or 80 houses here, all with nice baths and lights, and

so delightfully clean. There are lots of pretty flower yards, too. Mr. and Mrs. Henry Driggers run a nice boarding house.

I haven't been here long enough to know much news. But the people here are very nice—Superintendent Dampier will have no other kind—and we are liking our work and home fine.

There is a "gang" here, called "The Dirty Dozen," which finds all the fun going, and has a grand time, all together.

Our carder, is Mr. Henry Driggers; spinner, Mr. Hilton Bost; weaver, Mr. Robert Cook.

Mr. Dampier, our superintendent, truly is interested in the welfare of girls, and his auto is always ready for them, if a crowd wants to go somewhere and has no way. He must be very big-hearted and generous for girls never have any mercy when they get near an ice cream parlor or cold drink stand.

Grandma Wiggs is finding lots of interesting things to talk about, here—and I mean *she* sure does talk!

LOUISE HELMS.

(Louise it was fine of you to appoint another correspondent for Waxhaw, and we hope to hear from her. We have changed your address and will be delighted to have you write the news from Springfield Mill. Wonder if you can't get some new subscribers there? The Bulletin and the Home Section go together to every subscriber now, for only \$2.00 per year.—Aunt Becky.)

### PACOLET, S. C.

#### **Boys and Girls of Pacolet Mills Off To College. Reception For Local Teachers. Death Claims Two. Personals.**

A number of our boys and girls left recently to start another college year:—Miss Grace Mason to Asheville Normal; Misses Wilma and Louise Green, to Georgia State Nor-

mal; Miss Mary Lancaster, G. W. C.; Miss Howard to Virginia; James Williams, to Citadel; Ralph Williams to Clemson; Frank Holmes and Harry Allen, to Wofford; Miss Ethel Petty, to Montreat, and Miss Frances Greer to Winthrop.

#### **Reception for Teachers.**

A very enjoyable occasion of the past week, was the dinner and reception at the Girls Club, for the Pacolet Mills school faculty. Twenty-four places were set in the large reading room. The guests included Miss M. C. Venable, Mrs. Hall, Miss Malone, Miss Ray, Mrs. Odom, Miss Miller, Miss Eden, Miss Newton, Miss Pfefferkorn, Miss Leonard, Miss Moorehead, Miss Parker, Miss Bateman, Miss Doggett, Miss Estes, Miss Hawkins, Miss Graham, Miss Barnes, Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Patrick, Miss Mozelle Huff, Misses Bella and Margaret Fuller and Montine Rogers, were joint hostesses.

#### **Mr. C. A. Caston Passes.**

His many friends will regret to learn of the illness and death of Mr. C. A. Caston, one of our oldest citizens, aged 83. Until the day of his illness, he was an active church-worker, despite his age.

#### **Mr. Fitzhn Morgan.**

Mr. Fitzhn Morgan died Thursday after a very short illness, death coming as a great shock to his family and friends.

Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Owens are spending ten days or two weeks visiting relatives in Georgia.

Miss Mildred Phillips is the guest of Miss M. C. Venable.

Miss Susie Bolin, of Spartanburg, was the week-end guest of her sister, Miss Jennie Bolin.

Miss Addie Dolan and Mr. Jake Hill, are guests of Dr. and Mrs. R. D. Hill.

M. R.

(Thanks, M. R. for this nice budget of news. Have ben wondering what had become of you. Come often; we need you, and lots more like you, to make the Home Section a beloved visitor in every home. — Aunt Becky.)

## Becky Ann's Own Page

### A LIVE PAPER FOR A LIVE MILL COMMUNITY

The *Pacemaker*, a bright and unusually interesting monthly, published at Geneva, Ala., in the interest of Geneva Cotton Mills and employees, has only one fault—it doesn't come often enough. However, what it lacks in quantity is more than made up in quality.

The September issue gives a fine account of a spelling match conducted in the new club room; there's an offer by the mill company to have ground plowed for all who will plant fall gardens; there are fine problems for the Textile Classes; a big production contest between day and night line,—with girls leading both; there are snappy improvement articles, poems and a

### Boost For The Bulletin and "Aunt Becky."

Mr. C. C. Cobb, superintendent and manager of Geneva Cotton Mills, was among the very first to encourage the publication of the *Home Section*, and the following, clipped from *The Pacemaker*, is just a sample of his generosity and progressiveness.

#### A Valuable Paper.

The Southern Textile Bulletin, of Charlotte, N. C., which is the best Textile Publication in the South, now publishes a Home Edition Supplement, which is thrown in with the regular price of the Bulletin per year which is \$2.00.

This Home Edition is edited by "Becky Ann" (Mrs. Ethel Thomas) who was for many years connected with the Mill News, one of the Pioneer Textile Mediums of the South. Her friends over the South are numbered by the thousands who read her famous stories from week to week.

She knows mill people. She loves mill people, and likes to share with us our joys and sorrows alike, and we are very glad indeed that Mr. Clark of the Bulletin has added her to his staff, and feel that within a very short time, her name will be a "by word" in every mill home, and that each man, and woman, each boy and girl will look forward to the date each week, when the "Becky Ann" stories and the general mill life dots contained in this home edition will arrive.

We are passing a few copies of this little paper about among some of our people, and have placed two or three near the drinking fountains so that each one can get a glimpse of same, and we want to announce through these columns that we will send in your subscription for this paper, which is \$1.00 for six months, or \$2.00 per year.

We will send checks for same, and

deduct from your time when convenient for you to pay it back.

### ARE YOU GOOD WITH FIGURES?

The following problems were given to Geneva Cotton Mill Textile Club for solving, and should interest all textile students:

#### What Shall We Do With Oily Filling?

We make a given amount of "oily" filling, which we must dispose of to the best possible advantage. If we sell this as "oily waste" we only get seven cents for it. If we weave it into "oily cloth" we get twenty cents for the cloth. It costs us three cents to weave, and finish it into salable cloth. Figure out whether or not we should sell the filling before weaving it, or should we weave it into cloth, bearing in mind that the warp represents 55 per cent of a finished cloth, and that we necessarily reduce the price of the warp from 33 cents to twenty cents this being the price of the "oily" cloth.

After figuring out the most economical method of handling this filling state also, just how much we lose by making "oily" filling, taking 100 pounds of same as a working basis.

#### Mill or Farm?

We have a family with us who are making \$1,475.00 per year. They pay \$52.00 per year house rent, \$39.00 per year, Dr. and Insurance, \$50.00 per year for fuel for cooking and heating.

This same family, which is a comparatively small one, says that they would have made on the farm this year, 5 bales of cotton (\$110 per bale), 200 bushels corn (\$2.00 per bushel), 4 tons peanuts (\$80 per ton). Their half of the fertilizer would have been \$100.00. They would get one half of everything produced as outlined above.

Please figure out whether or not it would pay them to stay at the mill or move back to the farm, and just what the difference in net income would be, and if in favor of the mill let us know just how long it would take them at this rate to pay for a \$500.00 farm, allowing \$345.00 per year for interest and taxes.

### TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS

It's like old Mill News days sure enough, to be getting nice news letters from so many mill towns. We are proud of every one of our correspondents, and have room and a hearty welcome for still more of them.

Tell us about your birthday parties, and other social affairs. About the changes in overseers, and mill and village improvements. Who has best garden and best flowers? tell us about your weddings, births, deaths, and visitors, and about your churches and Sunday schools.

And don't forget that the *Home Section* must be published on Mondays. It takes time to edit, set the type, print, fold and cut several thousand copies each of the *Home Section* and the *Bulletin*, and start them to their destinations by Thursdays.

With both papers now given for the price of one, (\$2.00) we are marching for the "top o' the world" with the biggest list of subscriptions that ever honored a textile publication.

### Speak a good word for us.

### DID YOU EVER? NO, I NEVER!

The strangest thing we have heard of on the subject of "wills," is the one made by Mrs. Mary Frances Sherwood, of Macon, Ga., who had worked for the Bibb Manufacturing Company for 40 years.

She bequeathed her entire estate to Bibb Manufacturing Company, and the will was filed in the Ordinary's Court.

These are her words recorded in the will:

"I give, devise and bequeath unto the Bibb Manufacturing Company, a corporation of Macon, Ga., by whom I have long been employed and whose interest in my welfare I feel will continue up until the time of my death, the remainder of my estate." The only items excepted are household goods.

H. W. Pittman, general superintendent of the Bibb Manufacturing Company is named executor.

See what comes from kind, thoughtful consideration of capital toward labor? Bibb Manufacturing Company has a wonderful reputation for fair and square dealing, and their operatives have many splendid advantages and opportunities for self-improvement.

### SIMPLE AND EASY WAY TO MAKE ICING.

Take one pound of powdered sugar, (It comes in -pound boxes marked "XXXX") stir in a tablespoon (rounded) of flour, and moisten with just enough water to make it spread smoothly. This makes a fine soft filling, and the most satisfactory icing known. It is also cheap. Can be colored and used for decorations.



**LaGRANGE, GA.****Death of Good Woman. Junior Band Organized.**

Mrs. J. E. White, of Elm City Mills, aged 77, died September 14th. Her husband preceded her to the grave 20 years ago. She leaves three sons and three daughters, 27 grandchildren and 11 great-grand children.

The Epworth League of the city, will have their regular monthly meeting at the Y. M. C. A., September 23.

The Woman's Missionary Society of South LaGrange Baptist church are doing very constructive work.

The Men's Bible Class of S. W. LaGrange Baptist church, had 54 present last Sunday. C. W. Coleman has no superior and mighty few equals as a Bible teacher.

Twenty-seven boys of S. W. LaGrange school, have been organized into a "Junior" band. All have instruments, uniforms have been ordered, and V. R. Sanders is director.

**HOGANSVILLE, GA.****Two Couples Don Double Harness**

Dan Cupid won a double victory here Sunday, and we had two couples to put on double harness. They were: Miss Mary Jane Truitt and Mr. Marion Huff, Miss Thelma Bowins and Mr. Otis Huff.

Hogansville boys gave the "Old Mill" baseball team a licking last Saturday to the tune of 8 to 5.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Burnham entertained Mr. Brit Robinson and family of LaGrange, Sunday.

H. A.

**HENDERSON, N. C.****Water To Be Installed In Village Houses. School Books Furnished For Children.**

Dear Mrs. Thomas:

I wish to say a few words in reply to an article in the Textile Bulletin a few days ago.

The strike which the paper mentioned, has ended. The 800 striking operatives of the Harriet Cotton Mills in South Henderson, returned to their work September 5th without the 12½ per cent increase in wages for which they struck Aug. 4th.

The mill company is having an artesian well bored, from which water will be run into the employee's homes. Improvements have already been made in the roads.

The mill company is also furnishing the children of the mill workers of both North and South Henderson, with school books for this term.

At present, everyone seems to be satisfied, and the village is again peaceful.

**SPINDALE, N. C.****Music Club Entertains. Miss Ruth Rankin, Stars as Pianist; Spindale Quartet make a Hit.**

One of the most enjoyable affairs of recent date, was the musical by Forest City Music Club, given in the auditorium of Cool Springs High school, last Tuesday night.

Miss Ruth Rankin, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. J. D. Rankin, of Boone, is one of North Carolina's choicest and most popular of musical artists. Her achievements, under the careful teaching of Madame Olga Samaroff, renowned the world over, is marvelous, and North Carolina is more than proud of this gifted young pianist, who is destined to become, perhaps as famous as the great artist who taught her.

Spindale Quartet, D. C. Cole, G. B. Howard, J. W. Starnes, and T. O. Hendrix, made a decided hit, and received very gratifying applause after each rendition.

Miss Rankin was assisted at the piano by Mesdames Hauge Padgett and A. M. Glickman. B. A.

**UNIONTOWN, ALA.****Canbrake Plant of California Cotton Mills Company.**

Dear Mrs. Thomas:

You will be surprised to learn that we have moved here from Huntsville. Uniontown is near Selma, where this company has two other mills, the "Sunset" and the "Alabama."

I would be glad to hear from you—and still more glad to see you. I often think of the enjoyable visit I had to your home, and hope some day to take another trip to North Carolina. Come down to see us, and we will go fishing and camp out.

Everything is on a boom, right now. Mrs. G. W. M.

**CHESTER, S. C.****Eureka Mill News. Child Killed By Car. An All-Day Singing. Personal. Flowers.**

We had a distressing accident a few days ago, when little Jack, son of Mr. and Mrs. Branks, was fatally injured by a car, driven by a traveling man. The child was rushed to Pryor hospital, but never regained consciousness, and died soon after. The accident was unavoidable and great sympathy is felt for both the traveling man and the bereaved parents.

Our school opened September 12, with a large enrollment and three teachers.

The Second Baptist church had an all-day singing Sunday the 11th. The choir from Limestone Baptist

church, Gaffney, S. C., led the services, and the great crowd enjoyed the day immensely.

The Second Baptist church pastor has gone to finish school, and we haven't the name of the new pastor, who is to take charge; but, he comes highly recommended.

Mr. Clarence Hudson leaves this week for Furman University.

Marcine, daughter of the Methodist pastor, has gone to Winthrop training school.

Mrs. Eloise Yarborough and Mrs. Lillian Ringstaff, of Whitmire, S. C., were visiting friends and relatives here, last week-end.

Mr. and Mrs. Ray Binson, of the Baldwin Mill, visited the latter's mother, Mrs. Sprouse, last Sunday.

Misses Freda and Mary Emma Sprouse returned last week from a ten-days visit to their uncle, in Columbus, Ga.

Mrs. J. E. Myers and children, spent part of last week visiting in Spartanburg, and Hendersonville. The father of Mrs. Myers returned here with her, for a few days.

Miss Lillian Bigham, left last week for State Park "T. B." Camp, at Columbia, S. C. She had been a patient at Ridgewood camp, eight months, came home about the first of the year, but had a relapse.

"Aunt Becky" you asked about the flower yard at our mill. You just ought to have seen the flowers this year. They were prettier than ever before.

We believe that Mrs. Mullinax has the finest box flowers in the village. Mrs. F. T. B.

**SPENCER MOUNTAIN, N. C.****Big Doings Around Spencer Mountain. Many Guests at Entertainments.**

"Aunt Becky," if you don't believe we have good times here, just come around and we'll show you!

Somebody is always having a birthday dinner. Last Sunday, it was Mr. John Cloninger; Mrs. Cloninger set a lovely table and the following were invited guests: Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Boozer, Messrs. Bob and W. E. Armstrong, C. Y. Smith, R. A. Thomas, Johnnie McGraw, Early Simmon, Grat Flowers, Dock Petty, Lad Shields, June Cloninger, Hines Richardson, Glen Goldsmith, J. A. Graham, Mrs. Lou Goldsmith, Miss Etta Jenkins, and from McAdenville, Dr. D. E. Viperman.

Superintendent and Mrs. J. A. Graham delightfully entertained the "Efficiency Club" last Saturday evening. Guests from other places were Messrs. W. T. Love, Chas. Ross, S. A. Robinson and J. B. Reeves of Gastonia, Dr. Viperman of McAdenville, and Mr. H. W. Fryling, of Concord. S. M.

## GASTONIA, N. C.

**Smyre News. A Surprise Birthday Party. Successful Box Supper. Boy Killed by Train. Personals.**

A surprise birthday dinner was given at the home of Mr. Levi Baker on September 11th, for Mrs. Baker's birthday. Quite a number of Mrs. Baker's friends and relatives were there to help her celebrate her forty-fourth birthday and a bountiful dinner was served by Miss Bert Baker, Mrs. Ros Edison and Mrs. J. P. Rowland, daughters of Mrs. Baker, Mrs. Ross Edison and Mrs. J. useful gifts and enjoyed having the opportunity of being with all the relatives and friends who had come to help give her a very happy birthday.

The Busy Bee Club girls were glad to welcome a new member, Delphia Dagenhart, into the club on Monday night.

The box supper that was given at the home of Mrs. J. M. Belt on Saturday night was a success. Refreshments were sold and a good time was given the large crowd that was present.

Our community was saddened on Saturday night when we learned that one of our young boys, Vaughn Faulkner, had the misfortune to be hit by a freight train. He was not killed instantly and was rushed to a hospital where medical aid was given him, but he died Sunday morning and the body was taken to Culbreth, Ga., his former home, early Monday morning, for burial.

Mr. Ernest Pinzon and George McCarn spent the week-end visiting relatives in Asheville.

Miss Delia Triplett spent Sunday in Belmont with Mrs. Rozelle Ford.

Misses Flossie McCarn and Olivia Rabb were the guests of Misses Alice, Frances and Geraldine Cupp at their home in the Ranlo community, Sunday.

Mrs. S. J. Rabb had as her guests Sunday, Mrs. O. L. Stewart and daughter Ruth of Gastonia, Mrs. L. H. Metcalf and children, Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Jones of West Gastonia, Mr. and Mrs. Lutz of Bessemer City and Mrs. T. E. McCarn.

The Club girls were glad to have as a visitor Monday night, Miss Mildred Loftin, of Priscilla, who was a former member.

Mrs. R. L. Collette and three children are spending several weeks visiting relatives in Philadelphia, Miss.

Mrs. Gertrude Stowe and daughter Betty Gray were the week-end visitors of Mrs. H. B. Rabb.

Mrs. E. E. Ford and Miss Jennie Gilbert spent Monday with Mrs. Gordie Gilbert near Linwood.

Mr. Marshall Dilling attended the Sunday School Conference at Kings Mountain on Wednesday, of last week.

Mrs. D.

## CAROLEEN, N. C.

**Muscadines and Yellow Jackets. Carl, Joe and Charles Lockmon Know All About The Latter.**

Lots of our boys go adventuring, but not all have the thrilling experience and memories, as did the three sons of Superintendent Jno. S. Lockmon and two companions, some days ago.

The fragrant tang of the delicious muscadine, tempted these boys to stray from regular beaten paths into the deep recesses of mysterious woods, where the luscious black fruit hung in profusion on vines that clambered high in giant trees, defying all but the most daring.

But the Lockmons are not "fraid cats"—more especially the youngest of the family, little Charles, who, must have led the way—judging from the aftermath!

There's an old Proverb or saying: "Look up and not down." Probably who ever wrote it was on a muscadine hunt far away from the haunts of ye "old fashioned yaller jackets," which build in the ground; and, woe be unto a "high-looker," who stumbles over the underground habitation.

Ask the boys—They can tell you all about yellow jackets now.

## CRAMERTON, N. C.

**Ladies Attend Missionary Union. A Birthday Celebration**

Miss Peggy Morton has been visiting Miss Flora Ashley, of Charlotte.

Mrs. Loyd O'Daniel of Belmont, and Mr. and Mrs. Henry Roper, of Charlotte, were recent guests of Mr. and Mrs. Lester Beaty.

Miss Ada Grayson, returned missionary from China, addressed an audience in First Baptist church.

The Woman's Missionary Union, which was held Sunday in McAdenville Baptist church was attended by Mesdames N. C. Martin, D. M. Franklin, F. A. Bland, E. V. Hudson, R. L. Leeper, and several others.

Mrs. E. V. Hudson entertained the young women of the Baptist church last Friday night, and all attending enjoyed the occasion.

Little Anita Lane, aged 8, had a delightful birthday celebration, Saturday, September 14th. Mrs. Hubert Lane, the proud mother, was assisted in serving by Mrs. Frank Turner.

MERT.

**IT'S TIME TO PLANT ONIONS**

Plant onion sets now. Plant or set lettuce. Sow rape, mustard, kale, turnips and have something green to eat all through winter.

**Make Kraut and Chow-Chow**

Don't let your cabbage rot—make them into kraut. Or if you have not

enough to fool with as kraut, make "chow-chow," of cabbage, onions, green tomatoes and pepper, chopped very fine, salt and let drain over night, bring to a boil in a preparation of just enough sweetened vinegar to moisten well, pack and seal.

**JUST KEEP ON KEEPING ON**

If you're only an ordinary oiler,  
And only make "nine" per week;  
If you sometimes feel discouraged  
And other jobs you would try to seek;

Just do your work a little bit better.  
Don't regard it as thankless toiling  
Just bristle up and grit your teeth  
And keep on with your oiling.

If you are only a twelve-loom weaver,  
And are progressing mighty slow,  
And the road seems lonely and rocky,  
And that you really have no show;

Just remember you're getting real training.  
Don't misjudge us, and say we're deceiving,  
Just bristle up and grit your teeth  
And keep on with your weaving.

If you are promoted to overseeing  
And it's not so easy after all;  
If the load at times seems heavy,  
And you're afraid you're about to fall,

Just have faith in your ability to do it,  
Remembering that time is fastly fleeing.  
Just bristle up and grit your teeth  
And keep on with your overseeing.

If by and by you're promoted to super,  
And feel that you own the whole damn mill;  
If you think the job an easy one,  
And there's nothing to do but sit still;

Just remember it's yourself you're feeling,  
That a super's job is "shorenuff" toiling.  
Just mark this well, you must now work like hell,  
Or you will have to go back "to your oiling."

—The Pacemaker, Geneva, Ala.

TO A LOOM FIXER AFTER AN ALL NIGHT—POSSUM HUNT?

Johnny get your wrench  
An' run here quick;  
Get offen that bench!  
You make me sick.

Here I'm a workin'—  
Sweat's jest pourin';  
There you are shirkin',—  
Yes, actilly snorin'!

Yonder comes the boss!  
Forget that you're tired;  
Come fix this loom  
Before you get fired!



# DRIVEN FROM HOME

By

MRS. ETHEL THOMAS

(Continued from Last Week)

"I'm not disputing you;—yes you're too good for me," replied John, and Granny gazed at him in wonder. "But that doesn't keep a man from wanting his—woman to keep clean," and he turned away with a sigh. "Maybe if you had kept clean and had been good,—who knows. Oh, damn! What's the use?" There was a hopeless note in his voice, as he leaned against the mantle and looked into the fire.

Granny shook her head at Lou, pleading for a cessation of hostile language; Lou, too, had been looking backward, contrasting the past with the present, and was rebellious over the thought that the future gave little promise for anything better. "What's the use?" John had said. "What's the use?" was the echo in her own soul. They had sold their birthrights for a mess of pottage.

They had defied God and every moral obligation to gratify sinful lust. What had it brought them? Now, they held nothing but contempt for each other, and clung together only because they dare not separate. Each knew too much, and could tell too much about the other if pressure was brought to bear. To confess their sins and take the consequences, was beyond their code of reasoning, was their daily study. Finally John threw his head back and laughed:

"Yes, it's too late now; an' if hell's my portion anyhow, what's the use to try to be decent?"

"John!" came his old mother's pleading voice,—“Oh, John, it ain't too late! God loves you. Jesus will save you if you'll let him,” laying her trembling hand on his arm and looking up through wistful tears into his bloated, evil face. “Ask the good Lord to help you.”

"No, mother, I won't ask Him anything. He wouldn't hear me—and anyhow, I've lost out. I guess you did all you knew, and the best you could for me, but it might have been best for me,—and you—if you had worked less, and made me work more, when I was growing up. A boy raised in idleness, petted and pampered, will never amount to a row of pins. You think I am hard on my children,—but I've got a reason for it."

The twins looked at each other covertly. Lou laughed harshly, as Granny shrank back, her old face quivering as if she had been struck with a lash. Lou exclaimed sharply:

"That' right,—pack your faults an' failings on your old mother, John. That's like you,—to repay kindness and devotion with cruelty and abuse. But you're going to try it on me once too often some of these days."

John looked at her without a trace of resentment—just as if nothing in the world mattered now; he had reached that stage of helpless, hopeless apathy, that follows intemperance, and seemed entirely devoid of feeling.

John kept sober, quiet, and reserved for a few weeks, then got on a worse drunk than ever, had a fight with

## They're All There

From the doffer boys, the spinners, the weavers on up to the overseers, superintendents and even the mill owners, they're all there in the

## Becky Ann Books

Aunt Becky Ann (Mrs. Ethel Thomas) writes of Southern mill life as no other author has ever done. Her thrilling romances—throb with life and love in the mill villages, grip your interest and hold it to the last line.

## Read

Only a Factory Boy

Hearts of Gold

Will Allen—Sinner

The Better Way

A Man Without a Friend

Driven From Home

PRICE \$1.00 EACH

Order from

Clark Publishing Co.

Charlotte, N. C.

## Nobodys Business

By Gee McGee.

### Twenty Years Ago and Today.

1907—He drove his nag to the hitching post in the front yard, and hitched her. He gazed upon his new rubber-tired buggy with much pride. He dusted the horse hairs off his blue serge suit, spat out his quid of "Old Tray" and approached the home of his sweetheart with fear and trembling.

1927—He rolls up to the curb in front of his Jane's house and toots his lizzie a couple of toots and the front door bursts open, and out flies his flapper-love. She runs out to the car and cocks 1 foot upon the running board and parks her gum on the left side of her jaw, and says: "Kiddo, where in the hell you been all day? Must think I have to wait on you, but listen! I've been waiting on you nearly 5 minutes, and if that happens again, don't ever speak to me anymore."

1907—He knocks on the door, her daddy comes forward, and shakes hands with him, and invites him into the parlor. He sits there for 15 minutes, and then she walks in, shakes hands with him and perches herself on the other end of the sofa. They talk about chickens, blackberry pie and picnics, and he proposes a ride, and they walk out, he helps her gently into the buggy, and he moves to the other side and lets himself into the seat without touching her and they're off.

1927—"Aw, cut the bull, hop in here and let's ride." (She hops in, puts her left arm over his shoulders, elevates her left limb over the knee of her right limb, and rests her foot on the dash so's her newest teddies or knickers will be visible to his naked eye above her knees). They ride and hug, and then hug and ride, and after the paint is completely rubbed off her cheeks and lips, they return home, and she is dumped out, provided, of course, that she is not a good girl and has already walked home.

1907—After gazing over wood and field for an hour or so, they return home and watch the beautiful sunset. She excuses herself to help her ma cook supper and in the interim, he gives Bobbie and Willie each a stick of candy. The old man drops in while the meal is being prepared and talks over things with the young man, and he, with fear and trembling, asks for the hand of "her." He gets what he asks for, and everybody is happy, and the old man is happiest of them all.

1927—He drives around town the next day, picks up another girl, and the country for miles around eats his dust. He wears no collar, nor does he stoop to pull up his socks, and no hat ever covers his "empty," his collar is open, and his hair is glued to his head with bay-rum. Such is the modern young man. He marries on the spur of the moment, and the fight begins. If they are "society," children are taboo. They live from hand to mouth and from Ford to rented rooms, but the smell of gasoline is sweet incense to them, and they plod along thru life between the installment house and the poor-house, but "everybody's doing it," so why worry?

Mr. Grim, who happened to be at home, and who was called in by the twins for protection for Granny and Lou.

And thus time went on. When sober he pleaded humbly for forgiveness for drunken offenses, of which he tearfully declared himself entirely ignorant; but he got drunk more and more often, till poor Granny was almost distracted, and the twins were seldom about the house.

Lou, too, became more and more quarrelsome and took pains to make Granny understand that she wasn't wanted; and that without the expense of her keep, they could do a better part by the twins.

Bewildered and heart broken, Granny could not understand; she had always contributed toward the household expenses, besides doing most of the drudgery. But, if in going, the twins would be benefited, why she must go. She timidly approached John on the subject. Surely he would tell her that she was a part of his family, and that he needed and wanted her. Surely John wouldn't dare think of sending her away to live alone in her old age! No, John knew what a help she was;—John knew she was no expense; John had a heart in him, if he was wicked, and he would tell her to stay and welcome! But his ungracious answer to her query was:

"You and Lou for that"—and he walked away indifferently, leaving the old soul crushed. It was spring time and she went in the woods away from Lou's prying eyes, took her troubles to Jesus, and presently was listening to a whisper:

"You've got property,—sell it. It's yours. You've got money, too. You've got plenty. Go get Johnnie; he and you can be happy together, and bye and bye the twins will come to you, perhaps."

"But I don't know how to get there!" she argued.

"Johnnie didn't either," came the answer: "Ask Mrs. Grim. She can tell you."

"I'll do it!" vowed Granny, her eyes shining with purpose, as she sprang erect, and dried her tears.

### CHAPTER XXII

Picture poor old Granny, long years of life spent in ceaseless devotion to her only child, worn out with hard work, sacrifice and worry, craving for just a little bit of love and appreciation, longing to have the assurance that her son needed and wanted her, oh, picture her now as she is driven from home, crushed underneath the weight of disappointment too deep for utterance,—realizing at last that her own flesh and blood—her only idolized child, cared nothing at all for her! Oh, man, have you an old mother?

"You and Lou, for that!" John had said indifferently, walking away to leave his cruel words to cut and tear their way to the heart and understanding of the one being in all the world who had loved him unselfishly and blindly through good and evil report. Even now, her mind was only half way made up. How could she leave John, with no Christian influence at all in his home? How could he get along without her? Somehow a poor old mother can never realize in her heart that her child, though a man grown, does not need "mothering."



Slowly Granny wended her way to the house. It was planting time. Across the fields she could hear John cursing and abusing the faithful old mule he was plowing. The twins small and frail were cutting sprouts and briars, and cutting down the corn stalks, piling and burning them. Lou was dropping corn; truly she must cook dinner today, any way. Maybe John hadn't realized what he was saying. Maybe if she left right now it would set him back with his planting. No telling when he'd take a notion to stop the plow and get on a drunk. Yes, she must stick to John till he was through planting anyhow, she decided, as she gathered greens for dinner.

But she could not get rid of the thought of a home and peace, with little Johnnie. Soon as she could, she'd make sure that John fully comprehended her meaning when she spoke of leaving. It just couldn't be true that he wanted her to go!

The constant dripping of water will wear the hardest stone. Lou's continual grumbling and carefully worded insinuations had made an impression upon John, of which he was unconscious. Just as Granny could not think of John as anything but a boy—her boy—the baby she had held to her heart and loved, and nursed through every ailment, so did he fail to realize that she was old and nearing the grave. She was never sick. She seemed as capable as ever. And she had a home rented out in which, as Lou said, she'd be far more comfortable. They did need a "spare room," and if she stayed, he'd have to build, and wasn't able. If she'd turn property and money over to him it would be different. But she seemed determined to hold everything, so let her go and enjoy it, were some of Lou's arguments, very tactfully advanced.

So Granny cooked, scrubbed, washed, ironed and slaved, finding comfort in the great amount of work she could turn off, and perhaps with a secret thought of making them realize what she was worth, if indeed she should leave.

She went one afternoon to call on Mrs. Grim, and to her, poured out her thoughts, her hopes, her longings. Mrs. Grim had never failed her, and together they talked and planned, and reasoned.

"Maybe they would be better to the twins if I'd go," sighed Granny. "They say I spoil 'em—but I don't—poor little things. Anyhow, I ain't no help to 'em as I can see. When John gets in a tantrum they know to hide out. Lou don't beat 'em—but nags at 'em all the time, which I 'low is worse; calls 'em little devils, an' sich. Maybe if she'd a had some of her own she'd be better."

"Well, it's a good thing she hasn't any," declared Mrs. Grim. "It's an awful thing to bring children into the world cursed with such parentage. I have always said that there is not a person on earth without a redeeming trait—some little spark of goodness hidden under the blackness of guilt and sin. But to save my life I cannot find one good thing about that women; and John, who was once respectable, when sober, has now fallen to her level."

"Well, the way I look at it," said Granny, "she's as

## KINGS MOUNTAIN, N. C.

### Big Celebration Planned For October 7th. News Items From Various Mills. Mill President and Wife Celebrate Wedding Anniversary.

Kings Mountain folks are planning the best celebration October the 7th that they have ever had yet. All plans are complete and the program out. The speaker has not been announced but will be soon. Aunt Becky you must come over then.

The East End school opened Monday with a large attendance. Mrs. Joe Thompson is the principal and has about six other teachers. This school goes to sixth grade; children finishing there go to the Central High school.

A large number of Kings Mountain folks are attending the Willie Laurel Olive tent meeting in Gastonia.

Mrs. M. L. Rogers and children of Albemarle spent Sunday and Monday here visiting friends.

#### Dilling Mill.

It seems that the Dilling Mill folks are not satisfied to go on in the old way. They keep changing and putting in new machinery. Five new spoolers are to be installed just as soon as they arrive.

Mr. Jake Harmon has resigned as second hand in spinning and accepted a position with the Phenix Mill.

Miss Beadie Blackwell and Miss Bryte Hope, left Monday for Hickory, where they will enter Lenoir-Rhyne College.

Miss Helen Meachem visited her aunt, Mrs. Curtis McGee, in Gastonia, Wednesday.

Mr. Z. F. Cranford was called to Albemarle again this week to the bedside of his father who was real sick, but is better and Mr. Cranford is at home again.

#### Phenix Mill.

Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Mauney returned Friday from a ten day's visit to Mrs. Mauney's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Teague, in Florida.

The friends and relative of Mr. J. M. Quinn gathered at his home Sunday with well filled baskets and boxes to celebrate his birthday.

Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Keener, have been spending a few days with Mrs. Keener's mother, Mrs. James Bebb, near Bessemer City.

Mr. Lemuel Curry, of Shelby spent the week-end here visiting friends.

#### Kings Mountain Mfg. Co.

Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Mauney celebrated their fifty-fourth wedding anniversary, last Sunday, at St. Mark's Lutheran church. Most of their relatives and a large number of friends were present to enjoy the occasion with them. It was the fourteenth anniversary of Rev. and Mrs. C. E. Cooper and their daughter, and the second anniversary of Mr. and Mrs. Herman Wolfe, their granddaughter. Dinner was served picnic fashion and everyone thoroughly enjoyed the day and wish for Mr. and Mrs. Mauney many more years of wedded bliss. Mr. Mauney is president of Kings Mountain Manufacturing Company.

Mr. Edgar Hartsoe and family, and Miss Eva Harris attended a singing convention near Bostic last Sunday.

Mr. Arthur Hord, spent a few days with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Rob Hord, this week.

Mr. Marion Falls, spent Tuesday in Charlotte.

#### Margracc Mill.

Mr. Joe Lee Woodward left Wednesday for Raleigh, where he will enter State College.

Rev. W. T. Dostor has resigned as pastor of the Macedonia Baptist church, and is considering a pastorate in South Carolina.

#### Cora Mill

Miss Jessie Oats entertained the intermediate B. Y. P. U. of the Second Baptist church last Saturday night. They had a real nice time.

Miss Elizabeth Brown of Shelby spent the week-end with Miss Eva Blanton.

The sick folks at the Cora are all improving we are glad to say.

Mrs. Oscar Gladden was carried to the hospital at Gastonia, Wednesday, and underwent an operation Thursday, for appendicitis, and is doing nicely. Mrs. M. L. C.

#### COLD FEET

Everything was in readiness for the marriage ceremony, and both groom and best man arrived at the church in plenty of time. The former, however, was uneasy.

"What's worryin' ye, Tamson?" asked the best man, tiptoeing up the aisle. "Ha'e ye lost the ring?"

The other gazed at his friend's immaculate attire and general air of gay bachelordom. Then he heaved a woeful sigh.

"No," he answered rather despondently; "the ring's safe enough, man, but I've lost my wild enthusiasm!"—London Answers.

#### THE DAY'S BEST STORY

At the banquet given us Tuesday eve, we had three of the best short addresses of the session. To Bishop Anderson goes the prize for the best borrowed story, a parable from the barnyard.

The Hog complained to the Horse and the Hen and the Cow that he was too little appreciated and too much maligned. He insisted that he gave all he had, from his bristles to his hams, to delight and serve the race, yet his name was reviled everywhere.

The Horse answered in this strain: "Sister Hen gives the people an egg nearly every day, and keeps it up cheerfully as long as she lives. Sister Cow gives daily her creamy milk and does it gladly all her life. I myself try to bear the burdens of others as long as I live. But you, Brother Hog, never give anything while you live, and after your death they have to take from you whatever they get. That is why you are not loved."—Exchange.

#### THINK RIGHT

Think smiles and smiles shall be;  
Think doubt, and hope will flee;  
Think love, and love will grow;  
Think hate, and hate you'll know.  
Think good, and good is here!  
Think vice—its jaws appear!  
Think joy, and joy ne'er ends;  
Think gloom and dusk descends,  
Think faith, and faith's at hand;  
Think ill—it stalks the land.  
Think peace, sublime and sweet,  
And you that peace will meet.  
Think fear, with brooding mind,  
And failure's close behind.  
Think this: "I'M GOING TO WIN!"  
Think not on what has been.  
Think "VICTORY"; think "I CAN!"  
Then you're a WINNING MAN!

—Hoover Newsy News.

good as he is. She couldn't a come an' took Mary's place, without John had a let her. I ain't blamin' her no more'n him. An' I reckon she could be meaner to the twins—she could beat 'em an' nag 'em too. There's just one thing,—she'll take part agin John if it comes to a show down,—jest to be contrary maybe. An' I 'low they'll be all right without me, fur a spell anyhow. What I'm a dreadin' is when they get big enough to think of standin' together an' fightin' back stidy runnin'. They're all the time wantin' to know how long it'll be till they are big as Johnnie was, when he defied pa. If I do go, I'm hopin' to make a home for the little boys, when it gets so they can't stand it no longer. I pray the good Lord to let me live long enough to see them able to take care of themselves. The poor things never will get no schoolin'."

On Saturday following, John finished his planting at noon, and his restlessness, and surliness at dinner was evidence of what to expect. His craving for liquor was driving him to go for it, and that meant too or three days of drunkenness.

He ordered the twins to hitch his horse to the rickety old buggy. Lou sneered:

"You've got to get drunk again, have you? Can't you never stop? Well, I'll go to town with you. I want some things—an' maybe I can get you home before you're locked up." And she went to get ready, leaving John and Granny alone at the kitchen table.

"John," she timidly. "You remember what I said about leavin'?"

"Yes—an' I thought you were going." For a moment Granny looked at him as he gulped his victuals, using his knife to shovel them into his mouth, forgetful of every rule of table etiquette, so carefully observed by his first wife.

"Do you really want me to go John?" she asked gently:

"Do as you darn please about it; it makes no difference to me. But don't try to take the kids with you,—or there'll be trouble—that is, if you do go,—which may be best,—for you. You've got plenty to live on, and then some, and seem determined to keep it. Go ahead and live on it."

"John! John!" came her pitiful reply. "It don't seem possible that you, my only child, can be so heartless! You drove the mother of your children away. You drove Johnny away, and now you drive me out. God will curse you! You won't live long dishonorin' your old mother as you do. The Good Book says: 'Honor thy father an' mother, that thy days may be long.' An' it says, 'he that being often reprov'd hardeneth his neck—' that means not bowin' your head in humbleness—'shall suddenly be destroyed, an' that without remedy.' Oh my boy! I hate to think you may die suddenly, in your sins! John, I hate to think that in one of your drunken tantrums you'll be killed, an'll have to face your Maker with your breath foul with whiskey. Honey, remember your sweet little boys. Don't ruin their lives!"

(Continued Next Week)